

Cannibalism arising from starvation was a Bannock Creek Shoshone obsession. Shoshone folklore shudderingly retails the activities of the d30'ašits, gigantic cannibal ogres who lived in the Saw Tooth mountains. The fear of actual cannibalism had become a folkloristic anxiety. The possibility of cannibalism is not even mentioned by the Comanches, from whose folklore the d30'ašits had entirely disappeared, though in other respects the mythology of the Shoshone and Comanche are very much alike.

To the northern Shoshone actual cannibalism was a crime to be punished with death. It was believed that the person who had once tasted human flesh suffered an inordinate craving for more. His skin took on a peculiar hue, so that such persons were altogether dangerous and loathsome. One story is told by the Bannock Creek Shoshone of an occasion when they came upon the deserted camp of another Shoshone group in Utah. Suspiciously, because of the appearance of the camp, they waited before entering the place, until one or two men had scouted it. The scouts found decimated cadavers and human bones in the wickiups, and in the largest they found an emaciated "chief" and his wife gnawing human bodies. These were the sole survivors of a devastating famine. When the scouts reported their gruesome news, there was much excitement amongst the outside Shoshones. They quickly agreed that the pair should be dispatched, and arming themselves with stones, they stormed the grass hut, trampling it down and stoning the hapless cannibals to death.

The father of Coyote Droppings became a hermit in his later years, living on the banks of the Snake River below the Raft River junction. The notion developed that he was a cannibal, and people talked and talked about him until they finally worked themselves up to decide, "We had better do away with him. He'll eat us up!" Two men were sent down to assassinate him, which they did. Cannibalism was a quasi-crime.

Combinations of circumstance led the northern Shoshone to consolidation of governmental and legal practices in one field which actually placed them ahead of the Comanches in this respect. They adopted the Plains Indian practice of policing the buffalo hunts in which they engaged. Hazardous invasions of the plains were generally undertaken in the fall of the year after the main seed and nut crops were in. Then the Bannock Creek Shoshones joined with other bands from the vicinity of Ft. Hall, including the Bannocks, to cross the continental divide into the buffalo country (buffalo had become extinct in Idaho about 1840). On occasion, union was joined with the Nez Perce and Flatheads, to increase their defensive power against the Blackfoot or Crow attacks. Military as well as hunting effectiveness was needful for the success of these ventures. To attain this end a small

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Three Years Among the Comanches

133 west, when we emerged into a valley about four miles wide and thirty long. It was surrounded on all sides by very high mountains, exceedingly bleak and barren. There was not a tree, or bush, or even a blade of grass to be discovered over the entire surface of the valley. It was covered, to the average depth of fifteen feet, as near as I could judge, with broken pumice stone, a substance precisely similar to the lava of Vesuvius. That it was the result of volcanic eruptions there was no possible doubt, inasmuch as numerous tracts down which it had flowed from the mountain tops were distinctly visible.

172 The Rolling Thunder, in order to convince me of the correctness of a belief, universal throughout the Comanche nation, conducted me to the western side of this strange valley, where I saw, with infinite astonishment and surprise, the dilapidated ruins of a large town. In the midst of the falling walls of a great number of buildings, which, in some remote age, beyond doubt, had lined spacious streets, was what appeared to have been a church or cathedral. Its walls of cut stone, two feet thick, and in some places fifteen feet high, included a space measuring two hundred feet in length, and, perhaps, one hundred in width. The inner surface of the walls in many places was adorned with elaborate carved work, evidently the labor of a master hand, and at the eastern end was a massive stone platform which seemed to have been used as a stage or pulpit. In my surprise at beholding so unexpectedly these evidences of civilization in that wild region, I turned to the Rolling Thunder and asked if he could explain it.

● 773 This is the legend of the Comanches, as he related it: Innumerable moons ago, a race of white men, ten feet high, and far more rich and powerful than any white people now living, here inhabited a large range of country, extend-

The Indian Legend

ing from the rising to the setting sun. Their fortifications 773 ●
crowned the summits of the mountains, protecting their
populous cities situated in the intervening valleys. They
excelled every other nation which has flourished, either
before or since, in all manner of cunning handicraft—were
brave and warlike—ruling over the land they had wrested
from its ancient possessors with a high and haughty hand.
Compared with them the palefaces of the present day were
pigmies, in both art and arms. They drove the Indians from
their homes, putting them to the sword, and occupying the
valleys in which their fathers had dwelt before them since
the world began. At length, in the height of their power
and glory, when they remembered justice and mercy no
more and became proud and lifted up, the Great Spirit
descended from above, sweeping them with fire and deluge
from the face of the earth. The mounds we had seen on
the tablelands were the remnants of their fortresses, and
the crumbling ruins that surrounded us all that remained
of a mighty city.

In like manner, continued the Rolling Thunder, the 186
day will surely come when the present white race, which 773
is driving the Indians before it, and despoiling them of
their inheritance, and which, in the confidence of its
strength, has become arrogant and boastful and forgotten
God, will be swept from existence. For the Great Spirit is
just—and as certainly as the rivers flow downward towards
the salt sea, or the sun rises in the morning and sets at
night, so certainly will He yet restore the land of their
fathers to the red man, when the days of his affliction are
passed.

It would, indeed, be difficult to adopt any other hypoth-
esis than the one entertained by the chief. The evidence
before me was too clear and palpable to be controverted,

Three Years Among the Comanches

186 that at some period, more or less remote, this valley had
73 been inhabited by a people skilled in architecture and evidently possessing, in a high degree, a knowledge of mechanism and the arts. Whether the Rolling Thunder's account of their destruction is correct, or his belief that their successors will eventually be disposed of in the same summary manner is orthodox, will admit of argument; nevertheless, there is no doubt that, in common with all the tribes of the Comanches, he entertains this belief, in genuine sincerity. It is this unwavering faith in the future ascendancy of the red man, and the final restoration to him of all the possessions he has lost, which prompts him to perpetual resistance, and which so often led the Rolling Thunder to exclaim, after I had described some marvelous invention—"Wonderful, wonderful are the works of the white man, but the Great Spirit will destroy them all."

224 After leaving the volcanic valley and ascertaining the feeding grounds of the bison, we returned to the village, and soon again set forth on the yearly buffalo hunt. It is
[136] a singular fact that on these excursions the hunters are followed by droves of wolves. They seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the business in which the party is about to engage. As soon as the skin is stripped from the
000 buffalo they surround the carcass and devour it. To wake in the dead of night, after dreaming, peradventure, of early home and friends, to find yourself under a rude tent, in those far distant wilds, surrounded by a savage tribe, produces sensations, lonely and desolate indeed—but terror mingles with the sense of desolation when, all around, the adjacent solitudes are vocal with the barking and snarling and howling of wolves, gorging themselves at their midnight feasts.

It was at such times as these my soul longed to reach once

The Horse and the Buffalo

to cook stone-boiled soup. The dried excrement (chips) of the buffalo²³⁷ burned slowly and made a hot and lasting fire for both warmth and cooking; it was sometimes used ceremoniously as a support to keep some sacred object from touching the ground, and it was so endowed with power that scouts swore their oaths of veracity on a pile of buffalo chips. The bones, hoofs, and horns of the buffalo were fashioned into cups, spoons, and ornaments; and the horns were occasionally fashioned into bows or worn on headdresses on special occasions. Sinews from the back made bow strings and thread. Ropes were made from the twisted hair. The hide was used to manufacture clothing, lodge coverings, thongs, saddles, bridles, and bags. When properly finished with the fine coat of wool and the hair left on it, it provided an unusually warm robe. Freed from the hair and dressed, it constituted a summer blanket. A green hide served for a pot before the white traders brought kettles, and braided strands of rawhide provided an excellent rope.^[372]

There was a time, according to Comanche legend, when the Indians did not have access to the buffalo. In the version recorded fifty years ago by H. H. St. Clair, Coyote effected their release by a ruse.²³⁸ In a hitherto unpublished version given by That's It in 1933 it was *Ka:wus*, the Culture Hero, who turned the trick.⁷⁷³ 539

« « « Our knowledge only goes to the point where man and the earth were already here.

The People were out playing three kinds of games one day—the wheel game, throwing arrows, and shooting with the bow. A strange man came amongst them. He talked to no one. Just stood there looking on with a quiver over his shoulder.

After a while he said, "I'll go over there to defecate." He laid down his quiver and jumped in a creek. While he was down there, a young man went up and looked in his bag. There was a nice piece of fat in it. He took it up and showed it to the other Indians. They all wondered where that old man came from. "He certainly has plenty of meat," they all said.

Then they all plotted to stop playing at meal time. They left the

²³⁸ H. H. St. Clair, "Shoshone and Comanche Tales," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, No. 85 (July-September, 1909), 280-81.

The Comanches

773 old man all alone on the field. He just kept walking back and forth
539 until, at last, he jumped back into the draw. The People kept looking. Then they saw him come out of the draw as a bird flying up and over the mountain.

Now The People wondered how they could get over the mountain to see. At last they thought of two birds. One was Owl. He flies quietly. The other was Quail. He walks quietly.

These two went over the top of the mountain, and there they saw a single tipi facing east. At sunset they landed near it.

After dark Owl said, "That's what we're here for. I'm going."

As he lit on the tipi pole, the old man inside said, "Uh, there's an Indian."

Owl flew back to Quail and told him, "He knew I landed, and when I flew away, he said, 'Uh, the Indian is gone.'"

Then Owl and Quail went up close together. They could hear someone talking. Then there was no sound for a long time, so Owl told Quail to go up to the tipi. Quail went up and peeked. Three times he looked. Then he went back to Owl. "There are three people there," he said, "an old man, his wife and daughter."

They waited a long time, this time—until midnight.

Then the daughter spoke. "Mother," she said, "let's have something to eat."

Owl said, "There they go. They've got plenty of meat."

Then they waited another long time, and again they heard the girl ask for something to eat. But her mother warned her, "Sh-h-h, don't talk like that. You can't tell how those Indians travel."

Owl nudged Quail, "She means us."

This happened three times when finally the old man said they should eat. So the woman opened a parfleche and took out lots of meat. When they were through eating, she just swept the suet and loose chunks to the back of the tipi.

Then they went to sleep. Quail went up and snatched some pieces. "Here's your meal," he said to Owl. Then they flew back to The People with some meat in their claws.

They exclaimed, "My, they have lots of meat, we shall have to go around the mountain to get at that stuff." So they moved camp. They packed all their stuff on ten horses, representing each band.

The Horse and the Buffalo

The old man saw them coming. "What do you want?" he asked them. 773●

"Oh, we're just here for a visit." 539

He was suspicious, nevertheless, and he drew a line from a tree to a stump, telling them to camp on the other side and not to cross the line. For three successive days he visited them, but he always kept them from coming to his camp. Every time he would say, "I don't know where we can get any meat to eat at all."

Ka:wus was there with The People. He could turn himself into any form. "It's up to you," The People told him. "You have to figure out how to get meat. He isn't ever going to give us any."

"There is only one way," *Ka:wus* replied. "Just leave it to me. Now you people break camp and move away." Then he changed himself into a puppy.

The old man followed after The People to see where they went. After a while, the daughter came to see if she could find anything in their old camp. Just that little puppy was there.

"Oh, you poor little puppy," she cried out. "You're mine." But the pup backed off like it was shy.

"Don't be afraid," she coaxed it. "From now on you are never going to be hungry. I'll prove it to you now. Come on!"

With that she opened the door to the tipi, and *Ka:wus* went in. There was a hole in the floor, and down there he saw a hundred thousand buffaloes!

Just then the old man came back. "Take that dog out," he ordered. "You can see from the look in its eyes that it is a human being. Take it out, or I will kill it."

The old man followed his daughter outside the tipi as she did what she was told. She put the puppy down, and then her father went away again to see if The People were coming back. As soon as he was out of sight, she picked the puppy up and took him right back in the tipi.

"You'll never get hungry," she kept consoling him, and she showed him all those buffaloes.

Then he began to act like he was getting nervous, and he jumped right out of her arms. He jumped around and shouted just like a human being, stampeding the buffaloes. They smashed down the door, and out they poured.

The Comanches

●773 That dog was still in there. The girl grabbed a club to brain
539 him, but he turned back to his human form. Hanging on to the side
of a buffalo, he rode out without her getting him. He made straight
for the hills, and there he saw that mess of buffaloes.

With that he went straight back to his people.

"How did you make out? What happened?" They wanted to
know.

He told them, "Tomorrow at sunrise those buffaloes will be right
at our door," he said.

After that they always had plenty of buffalo to eat. That is how
they got them. » » »

136 The American bison, or "buffalo," as it is commonly called, is not
really a buffalo at all. It is a gregarious bovine ruminant, one of the
largest members of the family *Bovidae* that also includes cattle, sheep,
goats, and antelope. It is a close relative of the bison of Europe, al-
though quite different in appearance in many respects. It is of rather
early origin. Recently discovered fossil remains are said by geologists
to belong to the middle Pleistocene age, to be not less than four hun-
dred thousand years old.

The first buffalo seen by Europeans was in 1521 by Cortez in the
menagerie of Montezuma. Núñez Cabeza de Vaca was the first Eu-
ropean to report seeing buffalo in Texas. Pedro de Castañeda, the
chronicler of the Coronado expedition, recorded that there were so
many of them he did not know what to compare them to except the
fish in the sea; they were so thick that many times his party was
unable to go through them.

The buffalo were found on the whole of the Great Plains. The
eastern limit of the buffalo land followed roughly from the north
along the ninetieth meridian to the northeastern corner of Iowa. Then
it bore slightly to the southwest, crossing the Red River about the
ninety-eighth meridian, ran south in Texas to about the thirty-first
degree of latitude, entered the southern part of New Mexico about
the one hundredth and fourth meridian, and roughly followed the
eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the north. Thus the entire
Comanchería fell well within the buffalo range.

Within this area the vast herds drifted back and forth in seasonal

The Comanches

776 bad and evil visited upon man, there was none as to the source of all that was good and beneficial in life. Through the medium of a host of inferior spirits, the Great Spirit brought about all that was good or beneficial to the Comanches, such as health, peace, plenty, and happiness. He aided a worthy warrior in all his undertakings, delivered his enemies into his hands, protected him from danger, privation, and pain, and provided all good and pleasurable things. All good and useful animals were made by him for their use. All their success in hunting was the result of his benevolence. They thought that if they lied to the Great Spirit, or displeased him, he would withdraw his guardianship, allowing them to die or suffer other punishment.

● 773 The origin of the Comanches was credited to the Great Spirit, according to the early reporters. In one version, another race inhabited the country before them, but a great flood of waters covered the whole earth, and the inhabitants, whom they supposed were white, saved themselves from being destroyed by turning into white birds and flying away. After this the Great Spirit sent down to earth a secondary spirit to create the Comanches. When first made, the Comanches were imperfect. The spirit returned to the Supreme Being and told what he had done. Thereupon, the Great Spirit directed him to return to the earth and complete his work by giving intelligence to the beings he had created and to instruct them how to live. The secondary spirit carried out the instructions. He taught the Comanches how to make the stone arrow points and knives of stone and bone for cutting. He taught them how to put the arrow points on shafts, showed them how to make a bow, and how to use the arrows for shooting. He told them that the buffalo, deer, and the elk—all the animals that are on the earth—were for their use. He taught them to make fire by rubbing two sticks or by knocking together two hard stones until the fire started.⁶

Another account of the creation of the Comanches as told by a long-time adopted Comanche warrior, although differing somewhat in details, likewise credits the work to the Great Spirit. According to this story, the Great Spirit collected the dust from the four corners of the earth to make man, so that when man died the earth would not refuse him a burying place by saying, "Thou hast not been taken from me, hence I cannot receive you in my bosom." When the Great

Cosmogony and Folk Beliefs

Spirit created man, the earth shook and trembled and said unto the Great Spirit, "How can I feed the vast multitudes of man that will issue from the first created?" And the Great Spirit replied, "We will divide the maintenance of man; you will feed man during the day-time with all that you produce, while when the night will come, I will send my sleep upon man, and he will rest, and he will be fed by me with the peace of slumber, and he will awake refreshed in the morning." 773 ●

The Great Spirit took eight parts to form man: the body from the earth, the bones from the stones, the blood from the dew, the eyes from the depth of the clear water, the beauty from his own image, the light of the eyes from the sun, the thoughts from the waterfalls, the breath from the wind, and the strength from the storms. The first man was of such gigantic size that his head reached the skies and his eyes looked from one end of the earth to the other, but menial labor and unwholesome food diminished his size and made him vulnerable.

After the Great Spirit had created man, he ordered all of the inhabitants of the spirit world to go and prostrate themselves before man as recognition that man was the greatest of the Great Spirit's creations. All obeyed the command except one, who as a result of his failure to do so was cast out from the spirit world and made to roam around on earth. To seek revenge, this demon took refuge in the tooth of the serpent, the fang of the spider, the legs of the centipede, and in other poisonous animals, insects, and reptiles to torment and harm man on earth at every opportunity. 825

Inasmuch as the Shoshones and other tribes of the Great Basin had some conception of an otiose Supreme Being, who in the minds of some was equated with Wolf, the big brother of Coyote, it is not unreasonable to accept the basic validity of these early nineteenth-century descriptions of Comanche beliefs in a Great Spirit. Wolf was wholly beneficent; his acts of original creation made all things perfect and good. Coyote, the mischievous Til Eulenspiegel of Shoshonean folklore, was the spoiler of all things, however. His was the role 773 776

⁶ Neighbors, "The Naïni or Comanches of Texas," *loc. cit.*, 127.

⁷ Narrated by Herman Lehmann, Comanche captive, who became a respected warrior and member of the tribe. Jonathan H. Jones, *A Condensed History of the Apache and Comanche Indian Tribes*, 199-200.

The Comanches

- 773 of the transformer who undid the good works of his big brother.
776 He brought hardship, travail, and effort into the lives of men. He represented the force of Evil as we conceive it—and yet the Shoshones in no way thought of him in his relationship to Wolf as a conflict of good and evil. Coyote was not bad; he was no more than wantonly mischievous.

When we consider the writings of the early whites among the Comanches on the Great Spirit and the Evil One, we are plagued by serious doubts. We cannot but feel that they, who lived in a time of great religious conviction in this land, projected something of their own ideas of what the Comanches ought to have believed into their descriptive accounts.

At any rate, the old Comanches living in 1933 who served as informants for the Santa Fé Laboratory group revealed only the slightest vestiges of such ideas. The Great Spirit was only occasionally mentioned by them; none showed any concern with the problem of evil. Coyote, in the folk tales recounted by these later-day Comanches, had moved almost entirely from the realm of myth and legend to assume a position of no more than a power-giving animal—except that the old Shoshonean tabu against killing coyotes retained a good deal of its force. The transformer tales, except for the Comanche story of the release of the buffalo, were lost, one and all. What remained of the old Coyote folk tale and myth cycle was only that part which told of Coyote as a harmless bungler and trickster. And the hero in all these tales, as told by Slope, Post Oak Jim, and That's It, was no longer Coyote but Fox, Coon, and Bob Cat. As for the Creation, the typical attitude was expressed by Post Oak Jim: "We never gave much consideration to Creation. We just knew we were here. Our thoughts were mostly directed toward understanding the spirits."

- 776 The Comanches were not quite certain of the relationship existing
821 between the Great Spirit and the Sun. Sometimes the two were closely associated, while at other times a distinction was made between them. Robert S. Neighbors makes a clear distinction, saying that they offered the first puff of smoke to the Supreme Being, the second to the Sun, the third to the Earth, and so on to the lesser objects of

⁸ Neighbors, "The Naüni or Comanches of Texas," *loc. cit.*, 127.

⁹ Bollaert, "Observations on the Indian Tribes in Texas," *loc. cit.*, 268.

/page 43 continued/

Indians, both Christians and Peyotists believe themselves superior to the Whites. Their meek and agreeable role is a mask which is dropped the moment the Whites are out of sight. They take satisfaction in the success of their deception, in the gullibility of the Whites. They manipulate the Whites and further prove their superiority. But this is probably not enough to supply adequate satisfaction, there is a future date at which the tables will be turned. It is in this realm that both Christianity and Peyote perform an almost identical function.

Because aggression is denied to both Christians and Peyotists alike, the non-aggression principles of the two faiths may be followed and the Indians feel that they are true to their faith while the White man is not. This will of course alleviate any guilt feelings due to suppressed aggression. But if the White man sins and the Indian does not then there is justice for the Christian in heaven and for both faiths, justice in the judgement day. The Peyotists' judgement day may be one trait taken bodily from Christian doctrine in tact. The descriptions I have had given me by Peyotists bode no good for Whites, and toned down as they are for my ears, the tone of voice is just a little unnerving. Moreover, Peyotists take every opportunity to mention this coming of the end to me in ominous tones and say that they are sure I get the point. Peyote symbolism has clothed the judgement day in Peyote clothes. During a normal ceremony the eagle bone whistle is blown within the tipi towards the east (passing out through the entrance). At the day of judgement the procedure will be reversed. The whistle (like Gabriel's horn I am told) will blow outside the tipi from the east toward the west. It will pass through the tipi passing out the rear of the tipi. The description of the strength and tone of that whistle is quite eerie. I have not been able to get many statements on the subject from Christians but only hints here and there.

ORIGIN OF EAGLE DOCTORS • 29

A doctor should never suggest that he could cure an individual but must wait for the individual to approach him. Again Sanapia states that a violation of this norm would be an indication on the part of the doctor that he, and only secondarily his Medicine, is the important element in the potential curing. 115 159 756

A doctor must be paid for any services he renders, no matter how slight. Similarly, a doctor cannot work his Medicine without payment. In the case of an eagle doctor, this applies even to family members. In addition, the payment, with the exception of certain relatively inexpensive ritual items (green cloth and tobacco) required at the first interview of doctor and patient, must be left to the discretion of the patient. A doctor cannot refuse anything which is offered in payment. Furthermore, Sanapia was instructed that she must immediately give away a portion of her final payment to anyone in her immediate vicinity at the time of payment. This "give away" is a means by which Sanapia honors her Medicine. 115 159 756 465 [431]

And one thing, when they come to me . . . anybody comes to me and say, "I want you to doctor me," bring plain goods, no figure or nothing. Dark green goods. They have to take that and smoke and they going to give me that green goods. Either a yard or two or three or four yards like that. That's the only thing I ask for. And they say, "Now what else we going to pay you when you get this boy, this girl, this woman, this man well?" I say, "That's what I call for . . . just the green goods. And if he gets well or she gets well, its up to you. If you think I get that person well, its up to you." But I'm not going to say I want this and that and that and I want so much money. I'm not going to say that because that's what my mother told me. She said, "Don't you ever ask for anything. Its going to be given to you. I don't care what anybody says, its going to come to you." Now, up to today, when anybody give to me . . . give me blanket or any kind of goods . . . I ain't supposed to keep it. It be like somebody come here and I doctor them and they get well and they come in and pile things up here for me and those girls are out there. I call them and say, "Here, you all. Take you choice out of this." And whatever they leave, that's mine. And that's the way I get all my things today and that was my mother's words . . . what she told me to do.

Origin of Eagle Doctors

It was also during this period of training that Sanapia was told the origin story of the Comanche eagle doctors.

Way back in years there used to be an old woman who was pretty poor. She had a grandson she tried her best to take care of because all her children were gone and all that was left was this grandson. When them people moved their camps, she used to trail behind them. When they set up another camp, the old woman would camp right outside on the edge of that camp place. Sometimes people, mens, brought them food, meat, you know. But most times they were poor and hungry. And it went on and went on till one time they were all down south and west among them Navajo and Pueblo peoples. They was all trading each other. Meat and blankets for corn and meal and things. One Comanche young man got a whole pile of that corn meal and brought it to the old woman. That's the only way they could get that stuff them days. The grandson was happy over that, you know, over that young man bringing those things and helping 754 773

30 • SANAPIA, 1895-1968

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773 them out. Well, later on the grandmother was cooking that corn and her grandson wanted some. The woman said, "No, I can't get any right this minute. I'm too busy to mess with you." Her grandson asked again but he got that same answer. He ask four times until he just fell over backwards and started crying and hollering real loud. Then he told his grandmother that he was going to be an eagle and leave her. Sure enough, he started growing wings on his shoulders. The grandmother thought he was joking, but soon and soon he had wings. When the old woman saw that she start to cry but the boy said, "No, you been stingy and I'm going to go . . . going to leave you all." The grandmother was crying and beggin' him not to go and soon a bunch of people came around her tepee. She ran out and told them what was happening but they didn't do nothing. I guess they thought she was crazy. But then, all at once, the boy came out and flapped his eagle wings and flew up and up. He went over them four times. He told them, "I'm leaving because that old woman was stingy with me." Then he took a feather from his tail and dropped it and it came down real slow, this way and that way, back and forth and back and forth. Then he said, "I'm going to leave you people this thing. Whoever gets that feather, when it lands will have my help when ever he or she needs it to help some other people." And don't you know, the first person to get that feather was just a little girl. She was the first one what had that eagle's power like he said.

Consent of the Teachers

115 During the four years of her training Sanapia was closely observed by four
159 individuals—her mother, maternal uncle, maternal grandmother, and paternal
756 grandfather. Each had to give approval, by means of a blessing ceremony, before
875 Sanapia's mother could complete the last phase of the training, the actual transmission of her supernatural powers. Sanapia's mother could usurp the prerogative of the other three mentors; however, this would be considered a serious breach of etiquette and proper procedure. It would also tend to make Sanapia suspect as a witch since it would be known, by broadcast of the three slighted mentors, that there was no way to know for certain that Sanapia had truly learned to use her powers in the proper manner. Ideally, each of the four individuals would act as Sanapia's adviser and teacher; though it would be the mother and maternal uncle, in Sanapia's case, who would be solely responsible for instruction in the skills of doctoring, while the maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather would dwell upon instilling in her a proper system of values, morals, and ethics.

115 The notion that supernatural power is potentially dangerous for group
159 welfare will appear repeatedly in the following discussion. This belief seems to
756 be the basis for the four-man "review board" in Sanapia's training. A *pubakut*
875 can do great good for his people, but he is also capable of tremendous evil. By
778 a series of checks by the four advisers, the potential of evil tendencies in a training Medicine possessor can be more readily detected. If the one who will do the actual transmission of power overrides the other three mentors, at least the community can be warned of this; that is, the new *pubakut*, because of his lack of ethical training, may use his powers for evil.

115 Sanapia's maternal grandmother was the first one to bless her, thus giving
159 her approval to Sanapia's becoming a doctor. The paternal grandfather's blessing
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